

Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Witch? (Chapter 1)

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Summary: An evil witch, resembling almost all evil witches from the classical fairy tales, comes after The Charmed Ones.

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> by CharmedRyan2000@aol.com<a>

A small woman with wrinkles over her face and snow-white hair was unpacking her belongings to what was her new house. She brought out of her moving boxes her transparent crystal ball. She set it slowly on her new coffee table, smiling wickedly at it, and waves her hands over it. With the wave of her hand, the crystal ball displays Phoebe Halliwell, munching on a box of cereal back at the Halliwell Manor. The old lady, with an evil smirk marked across her red, ruby lips, welcomed a black cat onto her lap. She pets it slowly, brushing the cat's dark fur with her sharp, red fingernails.

>
 "Now, now kitty. This is our new, temporary home. Do you like it?" the old lady asked. The cat moved around on her lap, indulging in the lady's gentle brushes. " We are in San Francisco now kitty. I know you miss Maryland. We'll be back there soon. I didn't want to buy a whole house here in San Francisco since we wouldn't be staying long, but I was worried my presence here would seem suspicious, so I had to get a house."

>
 The old lady slowly reached down to her bag and took out a bottle of milk. She took out a dish and poured the milk onto the dish, setting it down for the cat to drink. "That's a good kitty," the old lady started to say with a dark tone, "Work up a good appetite, because I'm not sharing those good witches when I eat them. No, no, they will be all mine, as I had sworn to that stupid good witch Penny Halliwell! I still remember the day she defeated me! O, how I loathe that day! To think, I let myself be defeated by a good witch of all people! After all, I had killed and eaten many good witches before! I have been around since the 1400's, terrorizing

children and good witches, and there I was, defeated by the very thing I terrorized for centuries. But that good witch was weak. She had to use all her power to defeat me, the big bad witch, and in the end, didn't have the strength to finish me off! I took that opportunity to escape, vowing to return someday after her death and feed on her three granddaughters, The Charmed Ones! Hahaha! They're not so charmed! They've have only been in The Craft for a year and a half, so tells my spirit board, and I don't care if ancient prophecy proclaims them as the most powerful witches ever known to the world, but they cannot defeat my black magic, the magic of the most power evil witch they shall ever behold! HAHAAAAHA!"

>
 The old lady watched in her crystal ball the image of Phoebe munching care-freely on her cereal. "That's right my young and naïve good witch. Eat now. I will make sure I will be as happy as you are right now when I eat my gingerbread Charmed Ones! HAHAAAA!"

>
 The cat purred as it drank more milk and looked out the window, coming into view of a large red manor next door, where three good unsuspecting good witches dwell.

>
 Back in the Halliwell manor around the same time, Phoebe finishes her cereal and grabs her book bag. "Piper, I'm heading off to school!" shouted Phoebe.

> "Ok Phobes! Don't forget, we're all meeting at The Italian Cuisine tonight for Leo's birthday party" Piper replied.
 "Got it," started Phoebe, "who knew whitelighters had birthdays!?"

> "Well, Leo WAS a human once after all, which means he had to have been born some time," Piper said.
 "Good thinking," Phoebe said, "I'm going. Bye!"

>
 Phoebe opens the front door to the Halliwell manor only to find a little brown basket sitting there on the steps. She reaches down to get them and slowly lifts the piece of cloth covering the top. Inside the basket, there were red apples, shiny red apples. "Um..Piper, someone left a basket of apples on our steps."

>
 Piper walked to Phoebe anxiously and saw the apples. "That's weird, who would leave apples?"

> "Maybe the milkman ran out of milk" Phoebe replied sarcastically.
 Piper took a note she noticed attached to the side of the basket and opened it. She read it aloud, reading, "To my love, Piper." Piper smiled and said, "Aww..it's from Leo, although he needs to get better taste for romantic gifts." "Aww, that's great," commented Phoebe, "I'll leave you and your apples alone, but I really need to get to school. Professor Welch is reviewing for the exam on Thursday." Phoebe grabbed an apple and rushed off, saying "I'll help myself to one of those, they look good."

>
 Meanwhile, next door, the old lady cackled as she watches Piper and Phoebe's every action through her crystal ball. "Haha. They fell right for it. This plan will work fine just like it did on Snow White back in 1568! That Snow White became more of a pale color than white after eating those apples. Haha! Too bad they changed the story so that the bad witch died and Snow Whit lived happily ever after! That's so far from the truth!"

>
 Phoebe rubbed the apple on her jeans and slowly brought it to her mouth for a bite. The apple touching her lip, Phoebe gasped in horror as a premonition hit her. In the premonition, Phoebe is choking on the apple, red as a ruby, and she falls slowly to the floor, unconscious. Phoebe quickly threw the apple up into the air immediately, gasping for air. "Oh my God! Was I going to choke on that apple, or was it like poisoned or something?!?" Phoebe put her sweaty, nervous hands on her head as she tried to understand what she just saw. Suddenly, she shouted, "Oh my god, Piper!" Phoebe ran furiously back to the manor and pushed open the door. "Piper!!!!!!!!!"

she shouted as she rushed into the kitchen. She ran to Piper, who was holding an apple in her hand, and kicked it out of her hand, bellowing a "Hiya!!!!!!!" as she kicked.

>
 Piper has a confused face, saying "Phoebe, what is wrong with you? Why did you do that" Phoebe, still in shock, bent down to the apple on the floor and saw a bite taken from it. "Oh my God Piper, tell me that wasn't from that basket of apples left on our steps!" Piper had an even more confused look on her face as she said in a calm tone, "Yes, it was from the basket. What is wrong with you Phoebe? You're acting as if that apple was poisoned or something!" Phoebe, catching her breath, started to explain, when Piper started coughing violently. "Piper!" Phoebe shouted as she patted Piper's back, trying to help her. Piper coughed harder and harder, choking violently as she sank to the floor. "Piper!" Phoebe shouted as her face grew red. Prue rushed down as fast as she could upon hearing the commotion when she saw Piper. "Oh my God," started Prue, "what happened?!?!?"

>
 Phoebe looked up at Prue. "Piper..the apple" Phoebe muttered as she tried to get her words straight. Prue bent down by Piper and tried giving Piper CPR as Piper lay there, still now, eyes closed. "Come on Piper" Prue shouted as tears started to fill her eyes. After five minutes of giving unsuccessful CPR, Prue took Piper wrist and tried to feel a pulse. Tears started to burst from Prue's eyes, and Phoebe was shaking Prue, shouting, "Prue tell me she is alive! TELL ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Prue just knelt there, crying uncontrollably, as tears filled Phoebe's eyes and she hugged Piper's still body. Piper Halliwell lay in the kitchen, peacefully and with no pulse, as the old lady next door cackled at this marvelous sight, saying "One down, two to go! Hahaha!"

> <p>

End
file.